

# QUILL



# THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

Founded 1912



VOLUME XXVIII

JUNE, 1940

NUMBER 6

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THE QUILL, a monthly magazine devoted to journalism, is owned and published by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, which was founded at DePauw University, April 17, 1909.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Five years, \$7.50; one year, \$2.00; single copies, 25 cents.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Fulton, Mo., under the act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in par. 4, sec. 412, P. L. & R.



## AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

**T**HOSE of you who now and then take time out to glance at this department (if you do) know that at rather frequent intervals we have had something to say about "our favorite columnist, H. C. L. Jackson," the occasions generally being that we had "lifted" some swell yarn from his "Listening In on Detroit" Column to pass onto you.

We've been after Jack these many years to write a piece for THE QUILL on his experiences, observations and suggestions on columns and column conducting, but somehow we never could pry it out of him. Jack prefers to talk about other members of the staff instead of himself.

Recently, however, he went to the University of Michigan to make a talk on columning. What's more, for the first time, he had to prepare a manuscript of his remarks.

We got his permission to let us bring that manuscript to you as an article. We believe you'll agree that it was well worth waiting for—that it is one of the best expositions on the writing of a local column you've ever seen.

**D**AN MAGILL'S article in last month's QUILL regarding obits has brought an aftermath of yarns and stories about obits which gave us several chuckles. Hope they do the same for you.

The first has to do with a veteran and greatly liked member of the staff of a certain metropolitan newspaper.

Several years ago he was desperately ill. A serious operation was performed. It didn't look as if he would pull through. The desk thought it best that an obituary be prepared.

Well, happily, he DID pull through and came back to his job very much his old self. Somehow, he learned of the obit. He demanded to see it—and finally dragged it out of the desk.

"Humph," he grunted after reading the effusion. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, "That's a lousy obit—guess I'd better do it up myself." What's more, he did—a page of succinct, crackling notes covering the highlights of his newspaper career. Those notes are still in the files—where it is hoped they remain unneeded for many years to come—with this warning typed at the top:

"For the benefit and enlightenment of sorrowing humanity. The rewrite man may do as he damned pleases with these facts—as he would anyhow. But if he misspells my name or gives my age I'll haunt him."

[Concluded on page 19]

# In Democracy's Desperate Battle to Save Human Liberty

## Press and Pulpit Face Common Foe

By LAWRENCE C. MARTIN

Managing Editor, the Denver Post

**J**OURNALISM, under the responsibility given it by the guarantee of freedom of the press, clearly has the obligation of fostering whatever contributes to the stability and security of the form of society in which we have chosen to live, and which we call democracy.

This obligation is never greater than when democracy is imperiled, as it now is, by forces both external and internal. At such a time, the obligations of all who obtain benefits under the freedom of our way of life are definitely accented. The American newspaper press assuredly has obtained those benefits; it is, in fact, the product of them; it has, therefore, the most compelling reasons to support with all its vigor and intelligence, whatever contributes to the perpetuation of its own liberties, and all related liberties.

Those who gave form to our society considered freedom of speech, of the press, and of conscience of equal significance in the protection of our rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Insofar as we subscribe to their convictions, we too, therefore, must put religious freedom on a plane of equal importance with freedom of speech and of the press. And insofar as we give the

matter thought at all, I believe that as a people we do acknowledge that all our liberties stand or fall together.

It makes no real difference that our jealousy of our rights often operates negatively; I mean, that we claim the choice to exercise those rights or not to exercise them; that we reserve them, like money in a safety deposit, for withdrawal and use at our whim or pleasure, or at need. The point is, that whether we use some of them or none of them or all of them, we must protect all or lose all.

**I** MAINTAIN that religion is an essential of our democracy for the reason that it is today the one remaining champion of the sanctity and integrity of human personality. Stop a moment and think about that. Throughout the world, the effect of the trends in government is the diminution of the integrity of personality, the merging of the individual into a mass consciousness which, in the totalitarian countries, is an enforced idolatry of the head of the state.

That is why religion among those enslaved people is either forbidden outright, or restricted to a pagan worship of human ideology. Even in the United States



Lawrence C. Martin

we have approached dangerously near to that submergence of the individual which, carried to its logical end, means the destruction of what men first gained through Magna Carta.

Religion, on the contrary, is of itself an individual and personal relation, and while it can be perverted into mass witch dancing, and has been many times, it has survived to this day as the greatest and now the only means by which man, as a person, can express and manifest his divinely ordained freedom of spirit.

I will go further than that, and offer this thought: *That religion is the only remaining hope of the preservation on earth of any substantial degree of human liberty.* I make that assertion because of a conviction which many thoughtful men everywhere share, that human intelligence has failed to evolve a satisfactory formula of life although many forms have been tried. The only form that has not been given a trial since the days of the children of Israel is a society based upon the acceptance of religion as its motivating principle.

**Y**OU may contend that the Jewish theocracy failed miserably to meet the assaults of pagans, from the Assyrians to the Romans. I reply that it was, historically, a theocracy perverted to the influences of paganism that was too weak to beat off the barbarians.

Or you may challenge the soundness of my thesis on the ground that such a system would destroy democracy by uniting church and state, one of the very evils from which our forefathers fled. My answer to that is, that in such a society as I am discussing, the question of the relative functions of church and state will not arise; the question of enforced worship or of standardized worship will not arise; nor will any man be compelled to worship at all. *The society*

**S**ELDOM do newspapermen consider or discuss the handling of religious news—for a variety of reasons. Almost every other type of news, however, comes in for talks and articles as to its handling, display, importance and reader appeal.

So there is more than usual interest in the accompanying article by Lawrence C. Martin, managing editor of the Denver Post. It is a thorough discussion of the absence of significant religious news from the modern press; the need for such news and of the close relationship between freedom of worship, freedom of speech and the freedom of the press.

Mr. Martin is widely known among newspapermen. He has been associated with the Denver Post for the last 17 years. Prior to that he was chief of senate staff and chief of bureau for the United Press in Washington from 1917 to 1923. Before going to Washington, he was with the Cleveland Press, the Akron Press and in the legislative bureau of the Scripps papers at Columbus, O. He is vestryman of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church in Denver and a professional member of Sigma Delta Chi, having been initiated by the University of Colorado chapter.



of which I speak will continue to regard man's personality as sacred, and his relations with God as his own affair; but it will acknowledge that the principles of religion, since the days of Abraham and before, are the essential principles of human well being.

If you think me visionary, let me quote from a recent article by Dorothy Thompson, who wrote that "in 1940, throughout the western world, there will be a deepened interest in religion and much speculation on the idea of a Christian society." And Christopher Dawson, a Catholic lay-writer, whose vision is broad and whose judgments are liberal, writing recently in the *Commonweal* said: "The feelings of personal insecurity and of humanitarian concern for the fate of other peoples probably explain much of the renewed interest in religion and religious solutions that is one of the signs of the times."

Karl Barth, a noted Swiss Protestant, has written a small but powerful book entitled "The Church and the Social Problems of Our Day," in which he warns against "an easy and cowardly compromise with the secularism of the Nazis."

None of the persons quoted belongs to the clergy or to the class that might be called professional religionists.

**N**OW, if there is logic or common sense in the thesis that religion is a bulwark of our liberties, the hope of their preservation, is it not clear that the press has an obligation to foster religion? If it has that obligation is it living up to it? If not, why not? And finally what practical means can be used to bring about a relation between religion and the press in which journalism will foster religion in the community?

The American newspaper press has made a magnificent record of fostering good causes by bringing them to public attention, engaging public interest in them. This record has justified the press in its freedom, and has redeemed us, as a profession, from our many sins. Nor is it possible to detract much from the splendor of the record by pointing out an undenied truth, that just about as many editors have been on the wrong side as on the right side of great questions. The virtue, for all of them, lay in their opening the questions to public discussion, illuminating them with information and opinion.

As to the failure of the press in recent times to treat religion as a major matter, there are many reasons. One is a very definite resentment that formerly existed more forcefully than now, against religious discussion in newspapers.

Religion is a fruitful source of controversy; I mean by that the creeds, sectarian differences and denominational quibbles which are among the human perversions of true religion. In times past, newspapers got into so many scrapes over these religious squabbles that most editors drew in their horns and actually barred from their columns any but the most harmless and noncontroversial items about churches or religious topics. Even today you will find most editors refusing to

print letters from readers on religion, for fear of inciting to riot. Thus through the years there grew up, with good reason, a journalistic feeling that religion in the paper was dynamite.

**A**NOTHER reason, call it an excuse if you like, why newspapers print relatively little calculated to foster religion is that editors regard religion as a relatively minor concern of their readers, in comparison with sports, the movies, politics and other activities and interests of the race.

This position is given considerable support in a number of ways. For example, as to Denver, the painstaking city-wide survey conducted by Mr. Herbert Sands, an eminent engineer, and a commission he headed, showed that 58 per cent of the residents of Denver had no church affiliation whatsoever, and that of the 42 per cent that had, many men kept their religion in their wives' names, so to speak, and many fathers and mothers sent their children to Sunday School, but never went to church themselves. That would appear to make religion quite definitely a news item for the minority in Denver.

The net result, throughout the country of these and other influences, has been the limitation of religious news to departmentalized publicity about services, sermon subjects, and such routine news of the activities of churches. Seldom or never does the press devote space to broadly religious articles or information, unless some cleric comes up with an idea or an unusual presentation that makes him newsworthy.

We must therefore admit that in the main the press does practically nothing to foster religion in the community. It prints certain church news, plainly labeled, so that those interested can find it, and those not interested can skip it.

A practical means of changing this condition must be found if the press is to do its share in fostering religion. I am clearly of the opinion that the impulse in this direction will have to come from religion rather than from journalism, and I have already given you the reasons for this opinion; the very influences that have kept journalism on the side lines where religion is concerned probably continue to operate unless religion does something to remove them.

**L**EADING churchmen in several communities have been giving this problem earnest thought. The most practical approach to it that has come to my attention is being made by the National Council of the Episcopal Church. As I have been asked to have a part in the formulation of the National Council's program, I am going to give you the suggestions I passed on to them.

Let me point out, however, that this is designed not as a limited or Episcopal program; the National Council specifically disclaims any such intention. It is to be for all churches, in the interest of promoting church and general religious publicity without regard to narrow sectarian lines.

First of all, the press must be shown that religion is coming to have more reader interest. That, I think is true, but proving to editors is something else. The impression prevails that the church, as an organization within our society, has been not only detached from, but actually indifferent to, the social problems of the day; that it has done nothing about them, that it is weak and ineffective.

To overcome that impression, the church needs to establish a claim on news space. Here and there a beginning has been made, for churchmen are beginning to grapple with social problems within their own membership. For example, one church in Denver has for some time been operating an employment service to bring together the people of that church who need work and those who have work to offer. This service has worked so well that it is now being expanded to cover the whole city, and in due time that will be a news item. Another church group has undertaken a practical study of relief, which today in Denver is a pressing and dangerous problem. These are small beginnings, but they are beginnings, and they will receive attention in the press.

**A**NOTHER step that offers possibilities for publication of more religious news is frank presentation of the matter to the editors of the community by religious leaders. I have suggested that a committee representing all sects and denominations call on the editors, have a frank talk with them, arrive at working arrangement.

I venture to predict that such committees, if wisely chosen can so tactfully but effectively present their case as to increase substantially awareness by the editors of religion as a source of news. Such contacts are bound to bring results, either positive or negative, and even if they are negative at first, those seeking to interest the press in religion as news doubtless will get ideas to work on in changing the editor's attitude.

Then it seems to me quite a practical step to have men of eminence in the local community or in the nation write for newspapers on religion, not as a medium of escape from the harshness of reality, but as a sound means of coping with reality. These should be men and women, lay persons, whose position will win them a hearing from any editor.

From such beginnings it seems to me, can be developed other steps. The press, once convinced that religion, in its broader aspects, is news, can be depended upon, I believe, to handle it adequately and develop its usefulness as a fostering agency.

From the point of view of the newspaper press this can be made important. The opportunity is there, for among churchmen the feeling exists that the church press, so called, is not doing a very effective job.

It all goes to prove the statement of a distinguished Colorado churchman, to wit: "The trouble is the weakness of goodness in the world rather than the strength of evil."

# While There's Life, There's Hope—



**Palmer Gilbertson**

Who found a strong tonic will make weak weeklies well.

**N**OT many a young man seeking his journalistic El Dorado would expect to find it in a village of slightly more than 900 persons.

Nor in a dingy office haltingly producing a poorly printed sheet each week for some 300 unenthusiastic subscribers.

Yet that, in brief, is the situation in which Palmer Gilbertson voluntarily placed himself four years ago when he took over the weekly *Times* at Forest Lake, Minn.

Junking old-fashioned equipment and ideas, Gilbertson in four years has proved that even a paper with one leg in the grave can be made to pay. His current ledgers show an annual income five times as great as the one when he took over the paper. And today four times as many subscribers find the *Times* in their mail-boxes every Thursday morning.

The paper has outgrown its quarters three times, until finally about a year ago it moved into its own modern building. All the new equipment in the shop has been paid for from the paper's profits.

That isn't a bad record to run up in four years!

**I**T was as a type salesman with an eye open for a lively paper to call his own, that Gilbertson first arrived in Forest Lake, population 916, in 1935. He found the *Times'* office, hidden behind a pair of fly-specked windows, in an old building at the far end of Main Street. In the dusty back shop, the paper was set by hand from a few fonts of old-fashioned type. Its 300 copies were groaned out each week by a tired drum press.

The paper wasn't the kind to make a prospective buyer wring his hands in

## Dying Weeklies Can Still Be Saved As This One Was!

By TED PETERSON

anticipation of heavy profits. Gilbertson bought it anyway, with the intention of running it as a sideline to his regular job. He planned to install new equipment, improve the paper, then sell it for a profit.

So the *Times* moved down the street into a building near the center of town. For a number of weeks, Gilbertson, still working for the type foundry, had copy for the paper set in a Minneapolis plant. Meanwhile he scouted around for a second-hand Linotype. Every afternoon he drove 25 miles from his Minneapolis office to Forest Lake to help out in the *Times* shop for a few hours. Before long, he found that the paper was taking more time than his regular work. He left the type foundry, then, and made publishing the *Times* a full-time job.

**D**ECIDING he would have to make improvements that advertisers and subscribers would notice, Gilbertson completely modernized the *Times*. To stir up interest in his paper, he ran a great many local pictures—a columnful down the left-hand side of page one each issue. During his first year at Forest Lake, Gilbertson set



**Ted Peterson**

A junior in the University of Minnesota's school of journalism, Ted Peterson conducts a column for the *Minnesota Daily*. He has had 12 months' practical experience on two Minnesota weeklies



A typical front page of Gilbertson's attractive weekly.

something of a record for a small weekly's use of engravings.

For a long time a green-tinted "eye ease" paper has been in common use for ledger sheets and stenographers' notebooks. Why, Gilbertson asked, couldn't this stock be used for a newspaper? He posed his question to a paper salesman. Before long the company was offering the "eye ease" stock—known as Palmer Green Tint.

On a press run the size of the *Times*—1,300 copies of 8 to 12 pages—the cost of this green-tinted paper is about \$1.50 more a week than that of ordinary newsprint. But the favorable publicity it brings the newspaper, according to Gilbertson, more than makes up the difference in cost.

After he had tossed out his old-fashioned types, Gilbertson began to build up a stock of modern faces. Stymie is his basic display advertising type and although the fonts he has of it are not large, they come in a wide variety of sizes.

Gilbertson, who likes to experiment with typography and make-up, has changed his headline types frequently since he took over the paper. Variations in page appearance, he has found, keep up interest and consequently are good business.

Minus column rules, the *Times* front page is clean and easy to read. Its main headlines at present are in 24 and 30 point Stymie Medium Condensed, with a 10 point Century Bold deck. For novelty and feature heads, Gilbertson uses Kaufmann and Flash. His smaller headlines are in 14 point Memphis Bold. The paper's body type is 7 point Excelsior,

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Ben Gallob

He spins the story of "Stuffy" Walters.

**T**HIS is the story of a chubby, fast-moving magnetic little man known to contemporaries in Minneapolis and to newspapermen all over the country as "Stuffy" Walters.

He came to the Flour City in 1937 as editor of the Minneapolis *Star* (acquired shortly before by the Cowles brothers), and in a whirlwind campaign, helped boost the paper's circulation from 80,000 to more than 150,000.

In 1935, when the Cowles entered the newspaper field, three papers served the city. Weak-sister *Star*, originally established by popular contributions from the city's labor masses, had pursued an up-and-down career, and seemed vaguely established as a marginal paper. The *Tribune*, solid and conservative, shared right wing opinions and customers with the *Journal*, solid and more conservative. Both were prosperous, complacent, sometimes dull.

Upon this peaceful scene erupted the dynamic Walters. As the *Star's* circulation mounted under his direction as editor, tension grew. The something that was bound to happen took the form of purchase of the *Journal* by the *Star*. The first issue of the *Star-Journal* appeared last Aug. 1.

Promptly the next week, the *Tribune* provided curbstone managing editors with another piece of news: its evening edition would henceforth be issued as the *Times-Tribune*, an entirely distinct newspaper. An imposing list of features was promised, including many of the former stars of the defunct *Journal*.

**T**HUS the lines of battle formed. The *Star's* middle-of-the-road news and editorial policy is facing a stringent test. The *Tribune* maneuver represents, in part, an attempt to capture the silk-stock-ing readers who used to swear by the *Journal's* editorial policy and at any other. "Stuffy" Walters thinks he can

# There's Something About The Story of a Newspaper Guy Who's in Love With His Work

By BEN GALLOB

hold former *Journal* readers with his new type of news presentation. The smart money isn't sure.

Certainly, in assessing the factors which will determine the outcome of this campaign, one cannot leave the personality of "Stuffy" Walters out of the picture. The qualities which helped build the *Star* from last to first place in city circulation promise to give the opposition plenty to worry about.

Walters doesn't fool himself that it won't be a tough fight. But he's been fighting and winning tough ones ever since 1906 when he began to deliver papers in his home town, Frankfort, Ind. It was at a very tender age, indeed, that he decided he was going to be a newspaperman; he was 10 years old.

His family came to live in Frankfort when Walters' father, a well-to-do farmer, died. The Walters family was not poor and "Stuffy" was never in want. He had to work and work hard, but he likes that. The rest of the story is in the American dream tradition. It was a normal boyhood, with his desire to be a newspaperman furnishing the guide and goal of "Stuffy's" activities.

In high school, for instance, he joined the staff of the school paper and wound up as its managing editor. When he went off to college, he worked as a reporter on the Indiana University paper, rose to be its managing editor. At the university he

was made a member of Sigma Delta Chi. Summers he worked as a reporter on the Richmond (Ind.) *Palladium*.

**C**OLLEGE was interrupted for war service, by way of enlistment through an army ambulance corps. Stationed at Allentown, Pa., Walters edited the *Camp Crane News*, army newspaper. Then he was sent to Milan, Italy, and there took charge of the army newspaper, ostensibly published for American troops, actually designed to impress Italians with Uncle Sam's military might.

One of his army buddies was Robert Hutchins, now president of the University of Chicago, whom Walters drops in to see occasionally on trips east.

Like all of his tough jobs, Walters found the task of handling the army paper at Milan a lot of fun, even if the compositors didn't understand a word of English. Walters got the copy ready, the compositors set it on the English-language keyboard without knowing what any of it meant. Walters liked it fine. Going into situations over his head and working his way out at top speed is his specialty.

Discharged in 1919, he returned to the United States with something of a reputation earned in army journalism. Biggest immediate problem was to make an intelligent choice of the offers he received. With his customary assurance,

**T**HE story of any newspaper is the story of the men who make it. Back of every successful paper can be found the guiding genius, the individual writers and the unifying influence of style and program that give it the tone and flavor that brings it public favor.

Men who aren't sold on their jobs, who aren't proud of the product they produce, don't make good newspapers. This is the story of a man who IS sold on his job, who is proud of his profession and who constantly strives to produce a better paper. It is the story of Basil L. Walters, editor of the Minneapolis *Star*, who smelled newspaper ink and decided to be a newspaperman at 10.

Ben Gallob, who tells the story, was graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1938 with a B.A. magna cum laude from the journalism department. He was chief editorial writer for the *Minnesota Daily* in his senior year. Since graduation, he has done considerable publicity work, mostly for the Federal government, has free lanced, has been and still is looking for a newspaper job he can get his teeth into and go to work.

## "Stuffy" —

he took over the job of telegraph editor of the Indianapolis *Star*. He was 24 at the time and the paper had a circulation of 120,000. That was a big job for a comparatively inexperienced man. It was an assignment to give pause to a more cautious personality; Walters hopped right in.

A year or so of that and he moved on to the Milwaukee *Journal*, as telegraph editor and, for a time, as New York correspondent. He doesn't care very much for the big city. He feels himself to be a part of the Middle West; every important job he has held has been on Middle West papers.

**T**HEN came the contact and the tie-up with the Cowles brothers.

Mike Cowles was searching for a capable organizer to take over the newly merged *Des Moines Register and Tribune*. Both Kent Cooper, *Associated Press* chief, and Robert Bender, key *United Press* executive, named Walters when Cowles asked them for suggestions.

It was not the kind of a job which ordinarily would appeal to a young man getting ready to make a place for himself. A large-scale re-organization task in a fiercely competitive field scarcely qualifies as a cushy setup, especially for a young man—Walters was 32—who had yet to tackle a major executive challenge.

This is the point: Walters' work till then was on the news side. He was a top-rank reporter and desk-man; as far as anyone might guess at the time, that was his niche. If it is true that only a few men have outstanding ability in one field, it is even more true that only a tiny minority can produce in more than one line. Walters can.

Newspapermen know what Walters accomplished in *Des Moines*. He stepped in, built up a smart, able staff, sold the citizenry on the paper and laid the foundation for the drive that established the paper's supremacy in the territory.

His official title was assistant managing editor. Three years later, in 1931, it was managing editor. For six years he fought successfully to keep the *Register and Tribune* out in front. In 1937 he was sent to Minneapolis.

**"W**HEN I came to this city, the standard style of news presentation was pretty well covered by the competition. There had to be something new," he says.

That statement high lights two facts. First, it demonstrates axiom number one in Walters' copybook: a newspaper's function is to give the news. "Something new" meant something new in news presentation, not in premium contests or wild-eyed ballyhoo. Second, it indicates another fundamental Walters' idea: don't hesitate to try "something new," provided, to be sure, that it is at least theoretically sound.

George Gallup, formerly professor of psychology at Iowa university, later an ex-



Basil L. (Stuffy) Walters

pert with an advertising agency on consumer research, was plugging his ideas on news presentation. Most of it was based on the things he had learned about readership through surveys which were an outgrowth of commercial consumer research. (They are also the basis for the American Institute of Public Opinion today.)

Walters knew something of those ideas, —was skeptical. Searching for the "something new" he needed for the Minneapolis job, he turned to a report in a trade journal which summarized some of Dr. Gallup's basic ideas. Walters decided to try them.

It is one thing to agree with a series of criticisms of existing methods and general suggestions for improvement; it is quite another to work out specific applications. And this while organizing, at the same time, a staff that can do a job requiring something more than routine copy-reading, editing and page-layout.

In essence, the principles that have made the *Star* make-up a center of national attention are these, as listed by Walters: make every page interesting; more white space; experimentation in headlines; use of pictures.

The paper's circulation doubled in about two years, which should be something of a record under the competitive circumstances.

Attempts to pin the credit where it belongs, on him, run up against his protests

and his insistence on the importance of his staff. "A staff is all important," is another axiom. "Choose a good one, organize it, then give it plenty of leeway."

**H**E has sharp opinions on other significant matters. Political columnists? True, the *Star* featured them, and the *Star-Journal* features even more of them, but Walters feels that this matter could stand a more critical approach.

"I'm not over-enthusiastic about commentators. I think a great newspaper is built, not on special features, but on the day-by-day work of a capable staff. If I had my way about it, I'd treat a given column as I do a news story. If it has something to say, print it. If not, leave it out."

Doesn't that smack of censorship? "I don't think so. We have much more news each day than we can print. The nature of the case makes selection inevitable. The same principle would apply. I don't see why a fair and honest editor couldn't exercise that function in relation to columnists."

That's the key—honesty, fairness. Walters believes vitally that the function of the newspaper is to give the news without any sort of distortion, as far as such matters have been defined in practice, rather than in theory.

Fairness is almost a fetish with him.

[Concluded on page 13]





Eugene Phillips

Who hit the "sawdust trail" into editorial work.

**I** HIT the "sawdust trail" into journalism—but it wasn't the one Billy Sunday made famous.

Slightly more than three months after graduation found me not in the bustling city room portrayed by the movies, nor even on an obsolete weekly in the sticks, but working in a sawmill as a common laborer.

Quite a shock for a college journalism graduate? Well, perhaps, but after last summer I had grown accustomed to shocks of a severe nature. Besides, I had put in a month pitching bundles in the Minnesota harvest in August. Having come off a Georgia farm originally, my hands had worn callouses that had nothing to do with playing golf.

I had concluded quite early after getting my diploma that a college education does not necessarily equip one for a "white-collar" job, so-called. A lot of us delude ourselves about that.

On the sawmill job, in one of the world's largest mills, located in the Pacific Northwest, at least I was eating regularly. That I hadn't been doing from the returns of my journalistic endeavors during the summer.

**G**RADUATION in June, 1939, had found me in a peculiar position: I didn't even have to apply for a job! I was not a wealthy planter, nor did the bank at that time credit me with more than a college-written check marked "ISF." But the fellowship in an Italian university I had won would well occupy my time for the next year, perhaps two, I thought. In the meantime, there were two world's fairs on opposite sides of the continent to see.

Along with the fairs, famine was to come, too, but I didn't know that at the time. Anyway, I'd gone hungry before while hitch-hiking about the country on previous collegiate jaunts as national commander of the American Association of

# So I've Lumbered

## Here's How One Young Grad Found a Place for Himself

By EUGENE PHILLIPS

Editor, the Log of the Long-Bell Lumber Co.

Collegiate Hitch-Hikers, an organization I helped to establish in 1937 while an undergraduate.

I had predicted crisis in Europe in September, but I contemplated reaching Italy before it broke. Came September, went my opportunity to study abroad. While at the national convention of Sigma Delta Chi, held at Stanford University at Palo Alto, Calif., news came that Mars again was loose in Europe. Germany was at war with Britain! No one knew where Italy would stand. No American students would be permitted to go abroad!

And I had turned down several opportunities for jobs immediately following graduation!

**B**ROKE and with my spare frame growing thinner each day, my plight was becoming a pitiful one.

Wondering about ever breaking into journalism, I roamed the country over, missed only one state, and found not even the remote possibility of landing a job. Failures, consolidations, mergers—all had taken their toll, and I didn't have to wait for *Editor & Publisher* to list the 51 newspaper deaths that occurred in 1939 to know that all was not well with the daily field, which I wanted to break into.

With hundreds of seasoned veterans out of jobs, where was I, a comparative cub,

to fit in? I soon found out I just wasn't. I was slightly better prepared for a job than the average journalism graduate, with the six years' experience I'd gained before and while in college, in reporting, advertising, radio and public relations. Still, that failed to help greatly.

In Boston a hard-boiled city editor told me he'd like a good job himself, and added no newspaper in the city had hired a man in three years. The trail wasn't even warm. I arrived in Salt Lake City two months later, and just 12 months after they had hired their newest man. I recalled that Greeley had advised young men to go west. I was half a century late in following his advice.

The weeklies in between had curtailed their staffs, so there again I was stymied. Mr. Whalen's exposition had taken all my funds, and I was in want of food. So, I fasted, wondering how I'd ever hold out until the Allies made the world safe for democracy again. WPA rolls were even being cut.

**C**AME the hayfields and hard work in the harvest, a try at dry cleaning, house man for a pool parlor, bartender in the hometown of A. J. Volstead in Minnesota. A turn at picking melons in Colorado followed, and finally I ended the summer attached to the distemper ward of a dog

**I**T'S a weary road that many journalism school graduates will tread this summer as they try to find an opening through which they can squeeze into active newspaper or magazine work. Discouragement will come to many—but others will persist despite all rebuffs until they find a niche for themselves.

To encourage them on their way—to prove that an alert, determined young fellow CAN eventually find an opening if he keeps his eyes and ears open—we asked Eugene Phillips to tell his story for Quill readers. Gene is a modest chap and wasn't particularly anxious to talk about himself, but we persuaded him his experiences would give encouragement to fellow travelers on the inky highway.

He was one of the most active students at the University of Georgia, from which he was graduated in 1939. He founded and edited the *Georgia Arch*, was associate editor for two years of the *Red and Black*, gained experience as correspondent for several Georgia weeklies and on the *Atlanta Journal*, *Georgian* and *Constitution* and the *Athens Banner-Herald*.

As editor of the *Log of the Long-Bell Lumber Co.*, Longview, Wash., he's doing a splendid job of industrial journalism.



# Into Journalism —

and cat hospital in San Francisco's suburbs. My feature writing on my summer's travels had netted me not enough to travel on. Some of the checks hadn't even reached me, for I couldn't afford to stay in one place long enough to wait for the mail.

Then followed more highways and hot sun in the West, but no work! I left an application blank (the only one I filled out during the summer—I don't believe in 'em) for copy boy on a San Francisco paper which wasn't hiring any reporters. On another California paper I tried for a job in classified, even spent my last money waiting in the town for the publisher's decision. An earlier applicant got the job.

Moving on up the West Coast, I took an audition in Portland for a news announcer's job, was told it might be five months before the new man would be added. I'd lived on \$60 over a period of three months, and had spent part of that for street car fare getting through the cities. I was glad to get a job in a sawmill.

A month in the sawmill handling lumber eight hours a day put a little money in my pocket, put 25 pounds on my lean frame. No break came from any source, and I, who had defended the schools of journalism so strongly, came to wonder whether my defense was justified. Seemed they didn't need any more of us, and the sawmills couldn't absorb all the journalism graduates.

**T**HE Wages and Hours Act had curtailed the normal working hours of the staff of the local daily newspaper. I did a bit of assignment work and free lancing at space rates.

The lumber mill I was working for had formerly spent a million a year on advertising, maintained its own advertising department, and published an excellent house organ. Retrenchment followed the hard years of the depression, and even the monthly house organ went by the board.

A lull in the shipping department resulted in a layoff after a month on the job. With the dearth of ships for intercoastal lumber transport, now current, the lull has not lifted. Out of work, I contemplated the possibility of a revival of the company's house organ, about which I had heard some discussion.

Proper contacts made, I set about selling the idea. It took, and I was assigned to draw up dummies, prepare publication plans, submit cost estimates. That completed in two weeks, another two weeks elapsed before final decision was made. In the meantime I wrote publicity for the daily and trade press, took pictures for the proposed magazine, prepared and put on a Christmas radio program, wrote advertising.

Decision to revive the house organ reached, my plans accepted, the job was mine! I would continue to eat, and here

was the chance to scoop a story about eluding the wolf that had been at my heels all summer.

**U**NIQUE in style, effective in its application, our 16-page monthly house organ modeled after *Time* affords a very successful and practical avenue of approach between management and employee. Editorial comment is carried only in the column thus designated. The remainder of the magazine is all news and names, with ample photographs of employees.

Departments cover mill, office, woods, factory, creosoting, and railroad divisions in seven states from Mississippi to Washington. Retail yards and sales division offices in other states are adequately represented in the magazine, which has a circulation of 6,000. A candid picture section is carried, also a humor page.

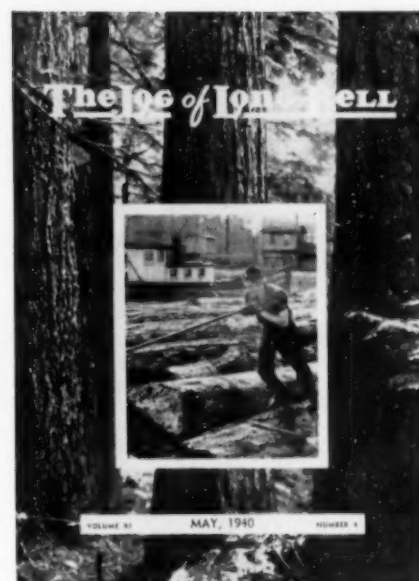
Space is allotted to the company's safety program, to the employees' credit union and interdepartmental sports. A single issue may easily contain names of 500 employees, and pictures of an additional 60. Every employee may be "in the news" at least once each year. Some, of course, appear oftener. An effort is made to include as much variety and as many different departments as possible in each issue. Everything carried is news of interest to all employees. "News About Ourselves" is the publication's slogan.

**T**O those who consider, as I once did, that the daily newspaper is the only phase of journalism that affords any satisfaction, some of the advantages of the trade press and the house organ field might be touched upon briefly.

Hours are less exacting, and there is less tension and strain than exists in the metropolitan city room; salaries are somewhat more in keeping with the cost of living than are those of the average beginner in the daily field; there is an opportunity to learn something of the operation of business and industry that is difficult to obtain elsewhere; and lastly, there is a real worth-while service to contribute through the creation of a better understanding and co-operation between capital and labor, which go hand in hand.

My beat is on the "factory front," and the sawdust is thick—but there's action here, and a story to tell. It's a story of men at work, a story of machinery and modern production, successful American industry. The important thing is that it's a story that needs to be told—to the men who weave it. The job is far from dull!

The field of public and employee relations is one that has constantly widened over the past few years. It is essential to American industry that it continue to grow and expand. There is a place here for the enterprising journalism graduate, the experienced newspaperman who can successfully apply himself at a job that requires ideas, executive ability and plenty of initiative.



This is the cover of the Log, newsy and attractive publication of the Long-Bell Lumber Co., revived under Phillips' editorship.

## He's Ready!

Some people practice what they preach, but Stephen Jelinek, journalism senior at the University of Nebraska, finds it more profitable to practice what he learns—as he learns it.

He has made two of his courses not only pay for themselves but show a nice profit as well. Some months ago, Stephen was not at all interested in photography of any kind, but enrolled in the news photography course because it is required.

Six weeks later he sold his first picture to the Omaha *World-Herald*. At the end of 12 weeks he had sold 17 pictures, and had a good collection of his work to show prospective employers.

He has a remarkable "nose for news" in his pictures and has confined almost all of his "shots" to campus interests. His article writing course of the first semester is just beginning to pay dividends. Stephen's article "\$\$\$ for Your Snapshots" was sent to five different boy's magazines. Four of the magazines sent rejection slips—the fifth sent a good-sized check.

"Youth and the Future," another of Stephen's first semester articles has been selected to appear in the 1940 issue of *We, The People*, a yearbook of public opinion, published by the Paebear Company of New York City.

FRANK TREMAINE (Stanford '36), who has been on the *United Press* cable desk in New York City, returned to the San Francisco office in April to join the business staff of the association.

ALFRED SPOKES (Syracuse '40) obtained a position with radio station WJTM, Jamestown, N. Y., following graduation.

FRANK BRUTTO (Montana '29) sailed early in June for Rome where he will work in the *Associated Press* bureau.

STANLEY BEAUBAIRE (Stanford '35) is in South America, free-lancing.

**T**HERE seem to be just about as many different kinds of columns as there are men producing them. And this is perfectly logical because the column is the man.

He may be able to hide himself, if he wishes to, for a month or so, behind his word-screen, but over the period of a year a diligent reader—and there are such persons as diligent readers—will peg him just exactly the type of person he is.

For the purposes of this paper, however, we'll pitch into the discard such groupings as the background column; the political column; the world-events column; the sports column; the key-hole column—particularly the key-hole column—and in this lucubration we'll struggle only with the column of the roving-reporter type. That's the only one I know anything about, and I'm perfectly frank in saying I don't know much about that. Ten years of running a column or, to be more exact, being run by a column, and run ragged, have, however, left me with a few theories, and these I pass along, for what they are worth.

**S**INCE such a column should have a purpose, that probably is the first thing to consider. It may sound like crass commercialism but it seems to me that the first purpose of the column is to get itself widely read. And how can that best be accomplished?

There are three ways: First, by shocking the readers. Second, by being so opinionated you make them mad. Third, and this is the long-haul, by sort of seeping into their good graces.

If you can produce a column containing pieces so compelling that folks begin to ask each other, "Did you see what Spinck had in the paper last night?" and if you can do it without being bitter or sensational, then you're taking the long-haul route—working into the good graces of the reader by simply holding their interest.

It is my belief, provided you have the confidence of your superiors, this method is the best. Shock-stories run out after a while, and what's left? Bitter, biting pieces must become more bitter and biting, or there isn't any bite left in them. But the column that is kindly; that has the ordinary good manners not to slap folks in the face; that relies for its appeal on being friendly—it can continue, and as it goes on, build good will with it. At least, that's certainly the hope of this particular columnist.

But how most easily can this kind of column pick up a reading public?

How would this be for a suggestion: Let the writer clearly picture to himself, just on the other side of his typewriter, four persons. A man around 35. His wife. A boy about 17, and another boy, around 12.

Say he regards that as his audience and attempts, in each column, to include something that will click with each of those four? The writer may not be able to do that. It's not as simple as it may appear. But it does seem as if the writer stands a better chance of reaching newspaper



readers whom he never has seen, and never will see, if he objectifies them. There are other advantages, too. The columnist who remembers that 12-year-old isn't going to soar into many flights of polysyllabics. He isn't playing fair with his 12-year-old. He mostly keeps his English simple.

Further—if the temptation sometimes comes to skim the thin ice between a good story and an off-color story, he can picture 12-year-old taking the story he doesn't understand to his mother and asking her to explain it to him.

Too much talk here, you snort, about 12-year-olds! Perhaps, but—12-year-olds read newspapers these days, and 12-year-olds have a proven habit of becoming, in a mighty few years, the subscribers to newspapers. And subscribers with a fondness for the friends of their childhood.

Quite naturally, I am not overlooking the class of writer who writes for himself. He needs no visualized audience. He is a law unto himself. He writes of the things in which he is interested and if the public isn't interested, that's too bad for the public. This school of thought is all right, provided the representative of it who is columning happens to be a man who thinks like 10,000 others.

**B**UT let's get along with this wandering. Say we have set up those four figures on the other side of the typewriter. And we want to reach them, each day. Are there any methods by which they can be reached?

Certainly.

Here is a list of kinds of pieces which, if they're good, are almost certain to

## Ten Years of Slogging for St Concerning C

By H. C. L. JACKSON

Illustrated by Verne

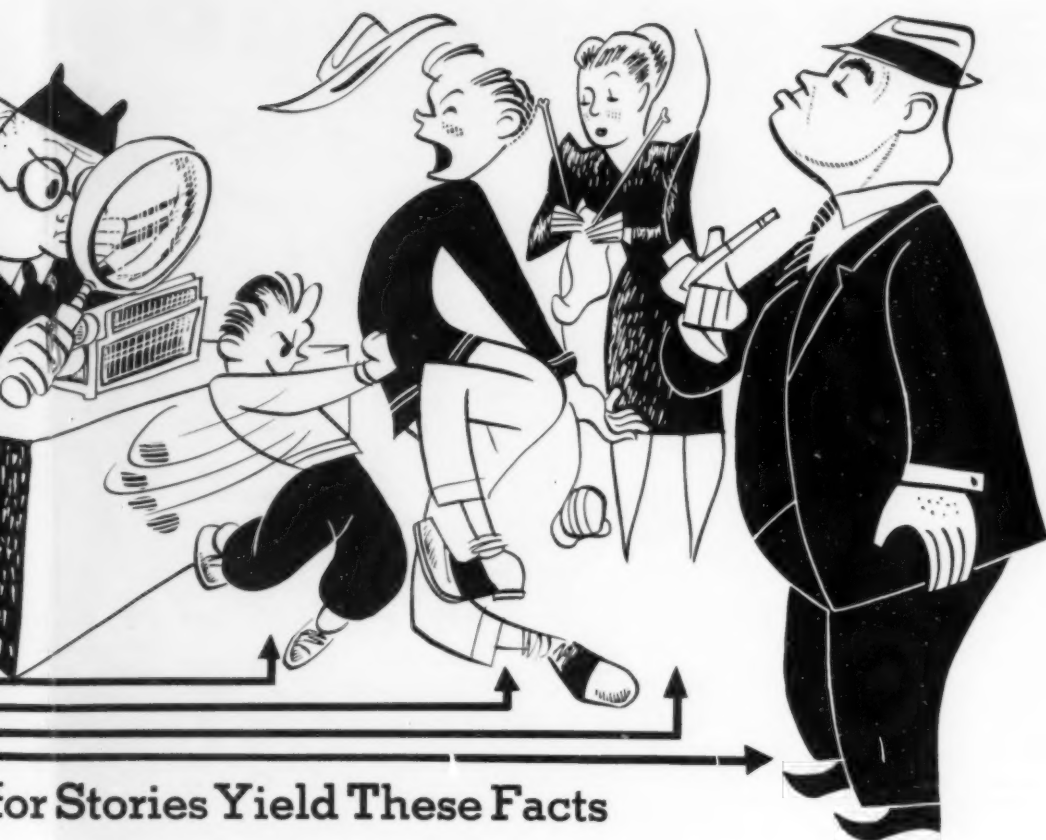
click. Only don't expect any astounding disclosure at this point. The list will sound like home: Funny stories, sad

**C**OLUMNS and their conductors constitute significant phases of modern journalism. The and in following, has been remarkable. The for the editorial pages, and, in some quarters, sible for the latter's decline. Be that as it may, them are subjects of great interest to those w

Because of this interest, we are glad to present thorough and entertaining discussion of column from a man whom we regard as one of America to be found almost every month in Column legion, one who strives as hard as any new daily stint "good copy."

H. C. L. Jackson, who has conducted the "the Detroit News since April 28, 1930, shares you. A graduate of Old Central high in Detroit then the University of Michigan, from which he ing graduation, he served with the 329th Fi received his commission as second lieutenant newspaper work with the Detroit News, then years. Four years with the News and six in ad to the News in 1923. Some of his best column Park, USW," published in 1938.





For Stories Yield These Facts

## g Columnning

J. L. JACKSON

ed by Verne Minge

stories, bits of odd information, particularly about things that folks think they know all about; bits about persons; a

constitute one of the most interesting and analism. Their rise in number, in popularity able. They have offered keen competition ne quarters, are held to have been respon- t as it may, columns and the men who build to those who make and read newspapers. lad to present what we have found the most on of columnning we ever have read. It comes e of America's outstanding columnists—one n Column Review, one whose followers are any newspaperman we know to make his

ected the "Listening in on Detroit" column in 30, shares the experiences of 10 years with h in Detroit, he attended Tufts for a year and m which he was graduated in 1919. Follow- e 329th Field Artillery as first sergeant and d lieutenant as the war ended. He began ews, then went to the Detroit Journal for two d six in advertising followed before his return est columns are to be found in "Grand Circus

story, or essay, or fact-article that will make the reader say: "What do you think of that?" Or one that will have the reader remarking: "Why, I've always thought that, but I guess I never said it." Then there are:

Animal stories—but a dog will outpull a cat five to one; child stories; lies; heroism; cussedness; cowardice; honesty; wistful; whimsical; and stories that quirk but do not assuage the reader's curiosity.

Then there are the names of persons. Preferably run in caps, and certainly, correctly spelled. There are thousands of folks who never will see their names in print, because their names will be in print only in a death notice. If you can put some of those names in the paper, they'll be friends for life. And you're doing them a service. Especially if you run five or six such names, and include with them a name that is nationally prominent; or locally prominent. Joe Spinck, the ditch digger, who spots his name right next to that of the Mayor of his city, is set up. So is his family. You've really added something to his joy-of-life.

Names can be popped in on flimsy pretexts. Today's Crown for Cheerfulness; Today's Best Dresser; Today's wearer of the nattiest necktie; Today's man whose hat expresses the most personality (my column calls them "Hattitudes"), Etc.

In the last 10 years we've managed to print approximately 16,000 names. We figure that 15,000 of those names never, otherwise, would be in print.

Another type of piece that constantly is popular is the brighter phase of the battle of the sexes. The story about the snoopy woman who gets caught up with;

the ponderous and doddering husband; the reaction of a woman to the way a man does things and vice versa—here's a field in constant bloom.

Above all, try to find the Significant story. That's a hard one to define and a hard one to get, but it's worth its weight in platinum.

**I**F you can dredge, from the slush of every-day living, some bit that shows some phase of everyday, humdrum life in a light so new that others, seeing it as you have presented it, can add that phase to their own lives, then you've got Significance. That's why readers seem to like "Overheards," which are nothing more than the fragments of conversation you overhear on the street.

They have Significance because everyone overhears remarks. And by printing some of them, you get other persons to listening, and thus they get a bit more fun out of a walk down a street.

Significance, there is, too, in any story you can present which a reader can consciously or unconsciously lift and then tell as having happened to himself.

Then there's Significance in the story a reader will clip out and carry around with him, to bolster him up a bit when he's blue. We could consider Significance for about six hours and still have a lot to think about. We'll think of only one other phase:

Stories fall into three classes—those you hear and forget; those you hear and remember; those you hear and forget and then a day, a week, perhaps a month or several months later, presto! that forgotten story bobs up from your subconscious thought. It's that type of story, as far as I can make out, that has the greatest Significance. If you look into your own memory, right now, you'll probably find there a story you heard, years ago, that, again and again pops into your thought—perhaps influencing you, perhaps giving you a grin. But we'll go on to something else, merely saying that the classification of stories and pieces we've tried to put down doesn't begin to exhaust the kinds that have an appeal to them. As you well know.

**G**RANT you have that audience; grant you have decided on what kind of pieces will most surely reach them bearing, if possible, Significance then—Where do we get these stories?

And in the answer to that question you have a chance to get behind the writer's word-screen, because our answer is that you have the best chance of getting those stories by living the richest, fullest, broadest personal life of which you are capable.

Regardless of how much help comes from outside, yours are the fingers through which the words flow to paper; yours is the brain which is the machine that shapes the words; and yours is the ultimate responsibility for what gets into print.

As a columnist, you are working on a newspaper, well—as some reporter so truly said when a citizen remarked: "It must be fun to work on a newspaper, you



meet so many interesting people," and the newspaper man replied:

"Yes, and most of them work on the paper."

So, as a columnist, you have two beats. An inside beat that includes the other reporters on the paper, and an outside beat that includes the rest of the city or town. If the city were of such size that I couldn't cover both, I'd frankly take the inside beat. The reporters are trained to know a story when they see one. They constantly run across bits they themselves can't use. They can be astoundingly helpful. They will be with any encouragement on the part of the columnist.

But further than this, we reach a broader twist of human nature that is a blessing to a column-writer—any person, be he reporter or porter, when he hears a good story, pines immediately to tell it to someone. If the columnist can establish himself in enough minds as an appreciative and sympathetic audience for stories, funny, sad, dramatic, shocking, informative, cynical—well, the person with something to tell will steer for him like an iron filing to a magnet. Provided the columnist is magnetic enough.

**S**O there's a beginning. But—40-hour weeks may come and go. It makes no difference to a columnist. He's going to be thinking column every waking moment of his day. At the office, on the golf links, at dinner, at the movies, in his car, even when he wakes up around 3 a. m. and bitterly realizes he could have improved one piece in last evening's column 50 per cent by writing it the other end.

The columnist thus is concentrating all the time with everything he thinks, everything he sees, everything he hears, everything he feels. All this he shakes through the sieve of good taste, and maybe a few bits of grain come out. Grain that the readers will gobble up.

Then too, he has a broad signpost in front of him on many occasions—he hears several persons talking about the same thing. That means many minds are thinking about that same thing—it may be the opening of the baseball season. Obviously—

If he pops in the paper, at once, a piece about some phase of the opening of the baseball season, with a caption that says so, he's got interested readers. For example: My column did that this year with a piece about the fact that Ty Tyson's voice was in splendid shape—he'd exercised it by yelling at his kids. It combined not only baseball, but Tyson, who is so completely popular with Detroit's radio fans. The response was good. There's another thing about getting pieces:

If the column-writer is fixed in the minds of the readers as sort of an average fellow, they'll stand for quite a lot of his own personal experiences, with this highly important proviso—whatever happens in which he is personally involved, the columnist must be the goat. Should he be the hero, readers don't like it. "Who does that such and so think he is?" they demand. But—if the columnist is the butt of the joke they laugh gleefully and say:



H. C. L. Jackson

"What a sap. What a sap," and feel for him a bit of good will.

But writing about himself requires considerable confidence on the columnist's part. He must be sure he isn't overstepping. Although there is this to be considered: Practically any reader would like to tell, in print, about himself, and if the columnist handles it properly, the reader sees himself in print.

**S**O much for that. Now—about contributors: They come and they go. As far as I am concerned, it's easier to go out and get pieces and put them in the paper than it is to coddle the average contributor along. My own system is: Never to print the first piece a likely-looking contributor sends in. I write him immediately, tell him I like what he sent in, and ask him to send something else. Almost always he does. Then I have two pieces from that contributor—the chances are he won't come back again. He was just trying to see if he could "make" the column.

Then there's the kind of contributor who writes in, keeping a carbon copy of what he sends. He seriously wants to improve his writing. Sometimes it is worth the time to work with him. Although—

One young man—he's in college now—sent in 11 different pieces before one finally got in print. Apparently he thought he'd improved enough because, when the eleventh actually got in the column, he vanished into that mysterious outer world into which the column leans. Vanished and we've heard only once from him since—a Christmas card signed "Eleven did it."

To these two classes can be added that rare and faithful band that, either out of sheer good will, or fondness for seeing words in type, or some reason too occult for this column-writer to ferret out, keeps sending in good pieces that can be used, and pieces which, if you feel are not up to their standard, you can return and tell

them so without injuring their feelings.

In general though, it's my belief that pieces from contributors should be regarded as plusage. If you have a lot of it, fine. But it's you and your style the majority of the customers are wanting to read.

**A**ND so, we turn to how to handle the items you amass.

I don't profess to be a writer. I am a wordsmith, welding words to fit the end I have in view. So any questions of style are certainly outside this chatter. The laws of feature writing seem to apply—the first words grab the reader, the next few hold him, and the next few promise him something to come. That's the system of the best feature writer around here. He carries it so far he thinks it's better to spend more time telling the reader what's going to happen than in telling the reader what is happening.

There are a couple of suggestions, though, that might not be out of place, before we fumble along to the conclusion of all this:

When you get a piece, don't sit down and write it. Start right out and TELL that piece to as many different persons as you can. They ask questions. You supply the answers—or else you find the answers out. And the upshot is, when you sit down to write that piece, it's already been pretty well written for you by the number of times you've told it.

But there's another important reason for this telling-to-all. You tell it to Bill Jones. He's interested and—it reminds him of some story he's heard, or some experience he's had—and maybe you have performed the important journalistic feat of making two items grow where grew only one before. Besides that, Jones' experience may hook right to the tail of the item you had when you started out—by telling that same story enough times you may come up with enough similar experiences, or cousins of those experiences, so you have a full column where originally you had a stick.

As you know, it is far easier to come up to a man and tell him a story and get him started talking than it is to face him, cold-turkey with: "Say, you got anything I can put in my column?" Maybe he has, but he can't remember it. You have to dredge or have to be, as Frank Bogart once called us, a mental panhandler.

So much for presentation of material. We've wandered on here to the bottom of seven pages of double space. It's far past time to put in that famous "30," and still the words stumble out. We'll make the rest as brief as possible:

**T**O do so we have to go back 10 years. To the day we started writing "Listening in on Detroit." We met a friend. He said:

"So you're going to write a column." "Well," and he grinned a disarming grin, "I have only one thing to say. I just hope it won't degenerate into a kidding match. Almost every column I've ever seen starts out all right but, pretty soon, there are about 20 men, including the column-conductor, and they are joking each other—

[Concluded on page 19]

# Something About "Stuffy"

[Concluded from page 7]

He thinks Raymond Clapper is the greatest columnist in the business, largely because Clapper has objectivity. Clapper criticizes what he thinks needs criticism, though he may like the general idea; and he praises where he feels praise is due, though he may dislike the general idea. Walters thinks that's grand.

"I sit up on a limb, watch the scene and report it as intelligently as I can." That's his motto. How would he state his ideal in respect to a newspaper's function? "A maximum of intensiveness and extensiveness of news coverage, the results presented with a maximum of readability."

As a former college student in journalism, Walters has done a lot of thinking on the conflict between decreasing job opportunities as papers fold and merge, and increasing numbers of journalism graduates, as schools expand. That the trend toward consolidations and suspensions will continue he is certain.

"What's the answer? I am convinced that the emerging newspaper, if it is to give readers the news service they are learning to want, must have a larger staff. More men are going to be needed per paper than are now carried. That's the only way the trend can go."

Sigma Delta Chi and journalism schools infuse graduates with an idealism, Walters believes, that is extremely worth while. He is realistic enough to wonder about the longevity of such ideals in actual competition; he argues, however, that if one graduate now and then can get through the mill still believing in some of those ideals, that that is a strong argument for the journalism education setup.

He confesses somewhat sheepishly that he didn't do very much with his own formal educational opportunities. "I got my education after I finished school. I'd get in on these over-my-head jobs and then I'd learn what I had to know for the job in hand. If there was a war in China, I'd hustle over to the library after a day on the desk and read everything on China I had time for. Ditto for political campaigns, tornadoes and other news events."

Like most successful men, he is a volcano of energy. He gets down to his office at seven in the morning, though such early arrival isn't imperative. He works with demoniac concentration on the desk until noon, spends the afternoon on executive detail and devotes evenings to meetings of various sorts in the city, as a kind of good-will salesman for his paper.

As a matter of personal preference, he would choose the news side. He can get just as excited over a story today as he did 25 years ago on the *Richmond Palladium*. This enthusiasm and freshness is a course of constant surprise to the youthful staff, most of whom are much more blasé about it all than he is.

THERE is no stuffiness to him. Not by the widest stretch of imagination would

anyone who knows him assume that his nickname ever referred to personal characteristics. (He got it, by the way, because in his early youth he resembled a well-known baseball player who was thus labeled.) Informality and a genuine democracy—to an almost startling degree—mark his personal relations.

He likes people and finds something interesting about nearly everyone he meets. He talks to everyone he can, explaining the habit with the analogy of the safe-cracker who sandpapers his fingers to get razor-edge delicacy of perception; people are his sandpaper in the job of keeping abreast of local opinion. He has a real fear of losing touch.

Physically, he is short, with a cherubic face. A heavy smoker, he gives the impression of nervousness, and he is actually in one position for any length of time only on occasions when he is comfortably stretched out on a sofa, expounding his ideas. He has an extraordinary laugh, an infectious blend of gurgle and chuckle which is irresistible. He smiles frequently and easily and, all in all, gives an instant impression of being smoothly geared to his social environment.

One of the most interesting aspects of the man, in relation to the larger problems of modern journalism, is the blend in him of newspaperman and executive.

It is this blend that is of particular significance. The time has largely passed when these aspects of the newspaper represented antagonistic viewpoints. There is reason to believe, from where we stand, that the change will evolve an intense and fruitful cooperation of these formerly antithetical elements of the newspaper plant.

If that is true—and it is true of the *Star-Journal*—then "Stuffy" Walters is at once a representative and a foreshadowing of the working newspaper executive of the future. He combines rare gifts as a desk and news man with effective organizational and executive skills.

His intellectual life is limited by the heavy demands on his time. He would like to read more than he does, as one instance. Retirement plans may make that possible. He owns a farm in Indiana and he intends to buy a small rural paper in that area and on it retire to break his two sons into journalism—if that's what they want. He certainly has no intention of picking their careers for them, but he hopes they will go into the game he loves so well.

And the future? At 43, facing a terrific fight to keep and advance the top-of-the-heap position of the new *Star-Journal*, he has been forced to postpone plans to retire in 1941. He dreams of the *Star-Journal* as the paper of the Northwest, and the work to get it there may tax even his immense energies.

Probably he doesn't really care too deeply about that postponement. There is even a possibility that retirement in

his prime to the still backwaters of a Hoosier small town might drive him dippy.

WHO'S WHO lists Basil L. Walters as a member of SDX, a Congregationalist, a non-resident member of the National Press Club of Washington, D. C. Two years ago, the *Associated Press* Managing Editors' Association chose him to be their president, a position which he resigned when he came to the *Star*, which had no AP wire. He has rejoined since the Aug. 1 merger, which brought in the *Journal's* franchise.

Some time ago, an editorial appeared in the *Star* about the ecstatic viewpoint expressed by K. T. Keller, Chrysler corporation executive, who saw poetry in automobiles and talked about them as an artist talks of art. The writer of the editorial found this not at all strange. Said he:

"The man who becomes a success in his field is almost always a man in love with the work he has chosen . . . who originally chose his 'line' not so much for the money he expected to make as for the fun and satisfaction it promised him.

"It is a natural law that love for a thing produces knowledge and skill concerning it—and knowledge and skill generally bring high material rewards. . . . Maybe that explains why so many of the big successes, in so many fields . . . are rabid devotees of the article or occupation to which they've given their lives."

It certainly explains "Stuffy" Walters.

S. V. SAGINOR (Western Reserve '30) is with the Davey Compressor Co., Kent, O., as production manager.

RANDALL HOBART (Minnesota '37) is city editor of the South Haven (Mich.) *Tribune*.

MEL JACOBY (Stanford '38), who went to China last November to free-lance, is now attached to the Information Ministry of the Chinese government at Chungking.

DIXON JOHNSON (Missouri '36) has been named city editor of the Nashville (Tenn.) *Times*. He formerly was a political writer for the paper. Johnson will continue to write his column, "Tennessee Today," which appears in 10 Tennessee papers.

WILLIAM M. PINKERTON (Wisconsin '31), of the Washington staff of the *Associated Press*, is one of the 15 newspaper men awarded Nieman Fellowships for study at Harvard University on leave of absence from their papers and press associations during the academic year beginning next September. Pinkerton joined the Washington bureau of AP in March, 1935, and previously worked on the *Omaha World-Herald*, the *Daily Northwestern*, Oshkosh, Wis., and the *Kansas City Star*. He attended Oshkosh State Teachers College for one year before enrolling in the U. of Wisconsin School of Journalism from which he was graduated in 1931.

He reports that he will study the problems of government in terms of the social structure in the U. S., and will work mainly in the fields of recent American History, social anthropology, and sociology. Pinkerton is 30 years old.



# THE WRITE OF WAY

By William A. Rutledge III

**P**RESENT day costs of printing and distribution, plus the enormous vogue of pictures and splashy illustrations, have combined to tighten up publications to the point where their manuscript needs have contracted—with the prospect for even further contraction.

Periodicals no longer have gaping "holes" to fill. Every page is carefully budgeted and must carry the maximum in reader appeal. There is no space for articles and stories that do not measure up to the exacting standards of the publication. By the same token, there is no market for second and third rate material.

To develop himself to that point of writing prowess is a long and tedious process for the average worker-in-words. What to do in the meantime. How he can write to facilitate this development and at the same time realize something for his literary products?

**T**HE answer is to be found in lesser publications, which buy in large quantities and pay comparatively little. The blue ribbon in this field is *Grit*, a rural weekly paper, published at Williamsport, Pa. Its circulation is more than 500,000 and it buys reams of copy for each issue. In addition to the regular paper, there is a sizable fiction section, which requires a basketful of copy. The rate of pay is from \$3 for a 1,000-word short and up.

You will find your material in with big name by-lines. The major league writers send their rejections there. A lot of fine material is to be found in these publications. After your gems have been shuffled around the elite edi-

torial offices, these periodicals may save your piece from oblivion.

*American Cooker*, 221 Columbia Ave., Boston, Mass., R. B. Hill, Editor. A cooking school house organ using domestic science and household articles up to 3,000 words.

*Club Woman's Digest*, 401 Berger Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa., Mary S. Powell, Editor. Articles slanted for club women.

*Comfort*, Augusta, Maine, V. V. Detwiler, Editor. Fiction and features with a household slant.

*Grit*, Williamsport, Pa., Frederic E. Manson, Editor. Serials and shorts in fiction. Illustrated articles of general interest.

*Home Circle*, Winona, Minn., Dorothy Leicht, Editor. Fiction up to 2,500 words. Short articles of interest to small town and rural families.

*House and Garden*, 420 Graybar Bldg., N. Y. C., Richardson Wright, Editor. Articles on hobbies, gardening, and home.

*Independent Woman*, 1819 Broadway, N. Y. C., Winifred Willson, Editor. No fiction. Success stories of unusual women. Timely articles with business woman slant.

*Mother's Home Life*, Winona, Minn., Dorothy Leicht, Editor. Simple, human interest articles and stories—for small town and rural women.

*Promenade*, 40 E. 34th St., N. Y. C., Letitia Chaffee, Editor. House organ of Waldorf-Astoria. Sophisticated, non-controversial articles.

*Rendezvous*, 410 Great National Bldg., Dallas, Texas, Jack W. Edwards, Editor. Society magazine that buys fiction up to 1,800 words.

*Table Talk*, French Stamats, Inc., Cedar Rapids, Ia. Fiction and articles for well-to-do middle class women.

*The Wheel*, The Studebaker Corp., South Bend, Ind., Walker G. Everett, Editor. General illustrated articles with preference for travel pieces.

*Your Garden*, 1100 Chester Ave., Cleveland, O., Dean Halliday, Editor. Strictly an Ohio market with the emphasis on gardens and homes.

## Contests

*Scribners' Commentator*, 654 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., announces a prize article contest for college students. There are 19 prizes, the first being a job with the magazine—a chance to work at regular salary from June to October, or longer if the prize winner does not have to return to college in the fall. Second prize is \$250 cash; third prize, \$50 cash, and 16 prizes of \$25 cash each. The articles may be on any subject, the maximum length, 3,000 words. Prizes are to be awarded for articles most suitable for publication in the magazine. No manuscripts are to be returned.

## How Can Weekly Newspapers Get More Advertising?

Every available survey, statement or practical demonstration pointing the way toward increased lineage—foreign, local or classified—is analyzed in *THE AMERICAN PRESS* magazine, the only magazine devoted primarily to the advertising problems of small town newspapers. **Subscription only \$1.00 a year.**

**THE AMERICAN PRESS** 225 W. 39th St., New York

A cash prize of \$10.00 is being offered by the *Masonic Observer* for the best factual article of not more than 300 words on, "A Brother in Distress," which is by or about Masons, wherein one Mason came to the assistance of another. Deadline is May 15. Address entries to Contest Editor, the *Masonic Observer*, 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

## There's Hope

[Concluded from page 5]

along with 7 point Memphis on an 8 point slug.

**T**O understand why the *Times* has no editorial page, you must know Gilbertson. He is quick to anger, quick to cool down. Aware of this, he's afraid he might write a scorching editorial while angry and be sorry later when it appeared in type.

Then, too, Gilbertson likes perfection, scorns the mediocre. Any editorials he might write, he believes, would be as shallow and as unread as those in most weekly newspapers. Instead of wasting his time writing editorials that only a few people would read, he gives more attention to the business end of the paper.

A young city editor, hired two years ago when Gilbertson found the *Times* was getting too much for himself, handles all the local news and writes a chatty gossip column for the front page. Other columns and features live up the inside pages. Some of these columns Gilbertson syndicates to a number of other Minnesota weeklies.

**I**N modernizing the *Times*, Gilbertson has been guided by the idea of making his paper lighter and easier to read. And all one needs to do this, he says, are a few fonts of up-to-date type, a little care in making up the forms and some white space, which is plentiful in every plant.

Modernization has paid Gilbertson well. Circulation of the *Times*, partly boosted by subscription contests, has risen from less than 300 to 1,300. Profits have bought all his new equipment, including a Linotype and an automatic job press.

When Gilbertson bought that jobber a year ago, he thought he was making a mistake; now he's ready for another one. The *Times* has attracted the attention of printers and of students of typography. Not long ago a type foundry ordered 3,250 copies of the paper to be distributed as an example of excellent typography.

"Weekly newspapers can be made to pay well," Gilbertson says. "If they don't, it's because their publishers are afraid to invest in new equipment, features, pictures—and their own future."

HAROLD K. ADAMS (Illinois '39) has joined the staff of the *Daily Pantagraph*, Bloomington, Ill.

GRANT ANDERSON (Northwestern '39) recently joined the Atlanta, Ga., staff of Acme Newspictures.

HARRY J. STRIEF, JR. (Southern Methodist '38), is on the *United Press* staff at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, S. A.

THE QUILL for June, 1940



# • THE BOOK BEAT •

## Inside Picture

**WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR.** By Neil MacNeil. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 414 pp. \$3.00.

In this book, an executive of one of the really great metropolitan dailies gives a graphic inside picture of the various processes involved in newspaper production. It is intended especially for the layman, but it can be read with equal profit by students of journalism. It is easily one of the most encyclopedic and truthful presentations of modern journalism yet to be written.

An idea as to the range of the content of the book is suggested by some of the chapter headings: "What Is News?" "The High Art of Reporting," "Editing the News," "Managing Editor," "City Editor," "Foreign Correspondent," "Washington Correspondent," "Political Campaigns," "Sports Editor," "Critics," "The News Services," "The Camera Reports the Story," "Features," "Libel, Ethics, Principles," "Freedom of the Press," and "A Glimpse Into the Future."

As this list indicates, the emphasis in "Without Fear or Favor" is on the editorial side of newspaper production. This does not mean that the business phases are omitted. There is much about advertising, circulation, promotion, and mechanical production. This is woven into appropriate chapters in such a way that the reader may see the correlation between the various divisions of the newspaper. The point of view throughout, however, is the editorial. It should be this way, not only because the author is an editor, but because the reader, both of the book and of the newspaper, is essentially concerned with the products of the writers, photographers, and editors. And such a statement is not intended to disparage, in the least, the fine and necessary work of all the departments that go into the making of a newspaper.

Such a book as "Without Fear or Favor" will do much to acquaint the public with one of its most important social institutions—the press. It will also help to correct false ideas, including the distorted picture of newspapers and newspapermen which is often to be found in fiction and the movies. This matter of the movie and fictional version of the reporter really needs the sort of repudiation which Mr. MacNeil provides, thus:

"The reporter has been much maligned on the screen, on the stage, and in certain books. Most of these characterizations have come from the hands of post-graduates of a rowdy journalism that flourished for a time in Chicago, Denver, and elsewhere and luckily died the death it deserved. Nothing could be more perverted than the portrayal of the unkempt reporter gulping a dozen highballs before slamming into a typewriter to make the edition with his story, while two score roaring lunatics dash about under the direction of a hysterical and bulldozing city

## Book Bulletins

**CENTURY READINGS IN THE ENGLISH ESSAY—Revised Edition.** By Louis Wann. 597 pp. D. Appleton-Century Co., 35 West 32nd Street, New York. \$3.75.

First published more than a dozen years ago, this volume has won its place as the most comprehensive single-volume anthology of essays in the English language.

The new edition retains all the original material but has doubled the number of essayists included in the last section, 28 instead of the previous 14.

Prof. Wann, who is a member of the faculty of the University of Southern California, begins his work with a plan for study, follows with a chapter devoted to a general outline and discussion of the essay's development, then begins a wealth of essays with selections from the Bible.

Selection after selection follows, as the trail winds through the centuries to the modern section which includes essays from William Allen White, Robert Benchley, Elmer Davis, J. B. Priestley and a score of others whose bylines are most familiar to modern newspaper and magazine readers. The selections close with the Duke of Windsor's farewell address.

Intended chiefly as a text, this volume belongs on the work-book shelf of every writer desirous of improving his style.

**THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INDIVIDUALIST.** by William Henry Chamberlin. 320 pp. The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Avenue, New York City. \$3.

Mr. Chamberlin, distinguished foreign correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, terms this, his autobiography, "a record of the impressions and experiences of an individualist profoundly out of sympathy with many of the predominant trends of the collectivist age in which it was his destiny to live."

Don't let that frighten you from a most interesting and revealing account of newsgathering in Russia and the Far East. After graduating from Haverford College in 1917, he was employed on the *Public Ledger* and the *Press* in Philadelphia and later served as assistant book editor of the *New York Tribune*.

He went to Russia in 1922 as correspondent for the *Monitor*. He resided in Russia until 1934, except for occasional vacation trips and a visit to China for a few months in 1927, still as correspondent for the *Monitor*. In 1933, he took a leave of absence to write a history of the Russian Revolution. A Guggenheim Memorial Fellowship was granted to him for this purpose. At the end of his leave, he was appointed Far Eastern correspondent for the *Monitor* and more recently its Paris correspondent.

His books include: "Soviet Russia" (1930); "The Soviet Planned Economic Order" (1931); "Russia's Iron Age" (1934); "The Russian Revolution 1917-1921" (1935); "Collectivism, a False Utopia" (1937). He has been a regular contributor to magazines of articles on Russia.

editor, who is yelling orders when not answering six telephones. Newspapers are not produced by drunks and lunatics. The city staff of the metropolitan newspaper is a smooth, fast-functioning machine, one of the most competent of this age of efficiency. The reporter and his city editor are quiet, capable, and educated gentlemen. . . ."

Another popular but erroneous idea about journalism which Mr. MacNeil's book corrects is with reference to crime news. "Despite the widespread criticism of newspapers by persons who could not

have examined a newspaper closely, crime news is a very small part of the leading serious newspapers," he writes. "It averages less than three per cent. Its place in the newspaper is probably smaller than its place in our civilization. . . . The idea prevalent among many intelligent people, especially clergymen and teachers, that editors are hard put to find material to fill their columns and so turn of necessity to sordid crime news should be corrected. . . ."

Mr. MacNeil very wisely stresses the important place of a free press both to the individual and to society. His opening chapter is based largely on a significant statement by Thomas Jefferson, the key part of which reads:

"... Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."

Mr. MacNeil's book is grounded on years of responsible executive work in the editorial rooms of the *New York Times*. He has been assistant telegraph editor, head of the city copy desk, foreign editor, night city editor, and for the past ten years assistant managing editor. His book, like his newspaper, is comprehensive, truthful, and altogether readable. As Arthur Krock, the Washington correspondent of this publication, said:

"After the gnat-straining, camel-swallowing books on newspapers—Mr. MacNeil's primer and cyclopedia of journalism comes like a clean, vigorous, and honest broom, to sweep away the others. It is a major work on a major theme; an expert and modest account of how newspapers are made, by one of their chief builders."—JOHN E. DREWRY, Director, Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, the University of Georgia.

## Books and Authors

"Contemporary American Magazines: A Selected Bibliography and Reprints of Articles Dealing With Various Periodicals" (University of Georgia Press) by John E. Drewry, director, Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, the University of Georgia, has been published in a second revised and enlarged edition. Because of the demand for the title by university and public libraries and teachers of journalism and the social sciences, another printing is being planned. The articles brought together in this collection originally appeared in the *Writer*, *THE QUILL*, and the *Matrix*. Mr. Drewry plans to revise the lengthy and comprehensive bibliography annually.

Pitts Sanborn, music critic of the *New York World-Telegram*, has signed a contract with the Macmillan company for a biography of Kirsten Flagstad, the Metropolitan Opera soprano, for publication in late fall.

# Kiper's Kolumn

By JAMES C. KIPER

Executive Secretary,  
Sigma Delta Chi

**T**HE Japanese government is suspicious of Sigma Delta Chi. It is, at least, of its Greek-letter insignia. When James R. Young (Indiana Professional), until recently Far East correspondent for *International News Service*, was taken prisoner by the Japs and kept in the hoosegow for several weeks, the authorities took Jim's SDX key. When he was released and ordered out of the country, the Japs refused to return the key. They thought there was something suspicious about the Greek letters, that they might empower Jim with black magic.

When Jim returned from the Orient recently, he was greeted at San Francisco by members of the professional chapter there. Upon learning that Jim's key had been confiscated, the chapter immediately took steps to present him with a new one.

We wonder who is wearing Jim Young's key now, and hereby deputize the SDX contingent in Japanese territory to make the search. The following men are hereby "ordered" to be on the lookout for a Sigma Delta Chi key bearing the initials "J.R.Y." and the number "9791":

Duck Soo Chang (Oregon '24), the *Dong A Ilpo*, Seoul, Korea; Welly Shibata (Washington '28), English edition of the *Osaka Mainichi*, Osaka, Japan; Robert Y. Horiguchi (Missouri '31), 108 Kohinata Suidocho, Kaishikawa-Ku, Tokyo; George Sakamaki (Wisconsin '27), city editor, *Manchuria Daily News*, Dairen, Manchuria; Victor Keen (Colorado '19), *Japan Advertiser*, Kobe, Japan; J. G. Babb, Jr. (Missouri Professional), Apt. 3, Uchisaiwai-Cho Itchome, Kojimachiku, Tokyo; Shin Kobayashi (Washington '37), Waseda College, Tokyo; and J. F. Harris (Florida '29), R. C. A. Communications, Inc., Nisshin Seimei Bldg., Otemachi, Tokyo.

W. W. CHAPLIN, *International News Service* foreign correspondent, spoke May 21 at a joint dinner meeting of the CHICAGO professional chapter and the Inland Daily Press association. Chaplin, now home on a short furlough, was one of the first American correspondents to reach the Western front last September. His *I. N. S.* service began in 1933 on the Washington staff. Later he was sent to Rome, Paris, and to Africa to cover the Italo-Ethiopian war. For ten years previous to joining *I. N. S.*, Chaplin served the *Associated Press* in this country and in London. He is the author of the book "Blood and Ink," and co-author of "When War Comes."

## Allen Smashes Tradition

By JACK F. NEWMAN (Wisconsin '40)

Robert S. Allen, co-author of the syndicated column, "Washington Merry-Go-Round," took tradition for a ride when he appeared as featured speaker at this year's University of Wisconsin Gridiron banquet, an outstanding campus attraction sponsored by the Badger chapter of Sigma Delta Chi. Allen's performance was unequaled in the eventful 16-year history of the banquet, which is modeled after its famous Washington, D. C., namesake.

The 1940 banquet witnessed ironical discussion of political affairs by a professor of psychology, member of the state banking commission, university debater, and a Madison newspaperman. A mock political parade was staged by Sigma Delta Chi undergraduates, marching behind the "Fifth Ward Heelers' Silver Cornet Band." The students carried signs reading, "Sorrow and Son Vote for Taft," "The Poker League of America Has Its Chips on Caucus Jack," and "Vote for a New Pair of Diapers for Buster." Skits depicted campus questions in caricature.

Then Allen, an affable redhead who began his journalistic career on Madison newspapers and a reporter who—as his brethren of the fourth estate know—would just as soon thumb his nose at tradition as not, arose to speak.

The columnist, whose behind-the-scenes reporting of events in the nation's capitol has captured the fancy of American readers, laid bare the Washington political scene, gave unpublished information on

the presidential race, and disclosed international news not available to the public. After completing his prepared remarks, he answered a barrage of questions for more than an hour. The listeners just would not let him sit down.

When Allen was finally permitted to return to his seat between Clarence A. Dykstra, university president, and William T. Evjue, editor of the *Madison Capital Times* and the columnist's former boss, the crowd voted on the red derby, awarded annually to the speaker who is judged to have contributed most to the evening's entertainment. Smashing tradition, the audience awarded the crimson chapeau to Allen, who had won the derby previously in 1932. The columnist thus became the first man in the 16-year history of the event to win the red derby twice.

But Allen had not taken his last shot at tradition. Reminding the crowd that he already had one derby and that he "didn't wear the hat around Washington, anyway," he turned and presented the derby to the "roastmaster" of the banquet, Pat Norris, Madison manufacturer. Garbed as a typical, old-fashioned politician, "Senator Schnitzelbaum," with cutaway coat and flowing tie, Norris served as referee during the evening's exchange of verbal shots.

While in Madison, Allen was initiated into Sigma Delta Chi as a professional member of the Wisconsin chapter.

And now the Gridiron audience is wondering whether Allen will return in the future to be a candidate for a "third term" as custodian of the red derby.

## Far East Loses an Interpreter



This picture of Frank Hedges, Tokyo correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance and the *London Daily Telegraph*, was made a few days before his death, April 10, as he was walking alone at night to his room in Tokyo's Imperial Hotel.

Hedges, who would have been 45 years old April 19, was born at Springfield, Mo. A member of Sigma Delta Chi, he first went to Japan in 1920 after being graduated from the University of Missouri. Serving first with the *Japan Advertiser* and later as correspondent for American and English papers, he had given one of the most faithfully accurate pictures of the tumultuous Far East for two decades.

News of the Norwegian campaign of the Nazis came to Tokyo a few hours before his death. The last friends to see him alive recall how he solemnly drank a toast to the Scandinavians, adjusted his spectacles on his nose, patted the bald pate he so often mocked, slipped into his overcoat and walked into the night. . . .



## Leading Grads in Journalism Honored by SDX

CHICAGO—Thirty-six 1940 men graduates have won the distinction of being named the outstanding members of their classes in journalism at their respective colleges and universities. The citations, made on the basis of character, scholarship, and competence to perform journalistic tasks, were made by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, for the first time this year as a part of the organization's expanded undergraduate awards program.

The selection at each college and university where a chapter of the fraternity is located was made by a committee composed of student, faculty, and professional members of the organization.

The purpose of the citations, which are not restricted to members of Sigma Delta Chi, is to foster high standards and encourage broad and thorough preparation by students intending to follow journalism as a career. In addition to the scholastic average for all college work, qualities and abilities essential to success in the field—good character, and competence to perform journalistic tasks gained through experience both on and off the campus—are the important requirements.

This year's graduates singled out for the citation for achievement, and their colleges and universities, are:

Butler University—Robert L. Fleetwood.  
University of Colorado—John W. Buchanan.  
Drake University—Richard Kline.  
University of Florida—John B. Tansey.  
University of Georgia—Harvey Jackson Reid.  
Grinnell College—Charles LeRoy Adams.  
University of Illinois—Wallace Dooley.  
Indiana University—David Bacon Richardson.  
University of Iowa—James Fox.  
Iowa State College—John E. van der Linden.  
University of Kansas—(No nomination).  
Kansas State College—Alfred Makins.  
Louisiana State University—A. Freeman Edgerton.  
Marquette University—Joseph Waldman.  
University of Michigan—Carl Petersen.  
University of Minnesota—Otto A. Silha.  
University of Missouri—Robert William Broeg.  
Montana State University—Edward Briscoe Reynolds.  
University of North Dakota—Russell T. Asleson.  
University of Nebraska—Richard Claire de Brown.  
Northwestern University—Jack Whitwell McKinney.  
Ohio State University—Manny N. Schor.  
Ohio University—Charles Raymond Lewis.  
University of Oklahoma—William Clark Brinkley.  
University of Oregon—Philip N. Bladine.  
Oregon State College—Clyde M. Walker.  
Pennsylvania State College—Frank R. Zumbro, Jr.  
Purdue University—Rolf Jenkins.  
University of Southern California—Edwin Chang Louie.  
South Dakota State College—Robert Smith.  
Southern Methodist University—Glenn Adington, Jr.  
Syracuse University—Thomas John Donnelly.  
Temple University—Paul Charles Learn.  
University of Texas—Charles Otho Brown.  
University of Washington—Elmer Vogel.  
Washington State College—Everett G. Harmon.  
University of Wisconsin—George S. Robbins.

HENRY OMAN (Oregon State '40) is employed by the Allis Chalmers Manufacturing Co., Milwaukee.

THE QUILL for June, 1940

## Heads Atlantans



Luke Green

Atlanta's professional chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, journalistic fraternity, is headed by Luke Green, who was graduated from the University of Georgia in 1937. He was associate editor of the Red and Black, campus paper, a member of various organizations, including Phi Beta Kappa.

Before going to college, Green worked on a weekly at Canton, Ga. Following graduation, he joined the staff of the Atlanta Constitution and since has served as copy reader, general assignment man, rewrite man and beat man on the Federal, Courthouse, City Hall and now the Capitol runs.

CLINTON BEACH (Pat) CONGER (Michigan '36) is now on the United Press staff in Berlin. With the UP since graduation from the University of Michigan, "Pat" is the brother of Seymour Beach Conger (Michigan '32), European correspondent for the New York Herald-Tribune, who was expelled from Germany a few months ago, and the son of Seymour Beach Conger, Sr., foreign correspondent for Associated Press during World War I.

RAYMOND F. HOWES (Cornell Professional) is the author of "Coleridge the Talker," a series of contemporary descriptions and comments on Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The volume, numbering 480 pages, is published by the Cornell University Press. The price is \$4.

J. M. HICKERSON (Iowa), head of the New York advertising firm bearing his name, returned to his home town of Mt. Ayr, Iowa, May 16, to deliver the high school commencement address. He chose as his subject: "Shadows on the Horizon," a discussion of world and domestic problems as they affected the graduates.

GEORGE A. BRANDENBURG (Northwestern '29), Chicago editor of *Editor & Publisher*, spoke in Milwaukee, May 23, to the press and publicity chairman's organization of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. His subject was "The Press and the Public."

## SDX Convention in Des Moines to Be Nov. 14-17

CHICAGO, ILL.—The twenty-fifth national convention of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, will be held Nov. 14-17, 1940, at the Fort Des Moines Hotel, Des Moines, Ia., Elmo Scott Watson, editor of the *Publishers' Auxiliary* and president of the organization, has announced. Originally planned for late in August, the meeting has been postponed because of the national election this year.

Announcement of the winners of the fraternity's five Distinguished Service Awards for outstanding work in 1939 in the fields of general reporting, editorial writing, foreign correspondence, Washington correspondence, and radio news-writing, will be announced at the convention banquet Saturday evening, Nov. 15. The awards proper will be presented to the winners at that time.

A new feature of the convention program will be a photography contest, the entries to be submitted by undergraduate members of the fraternity. All entries will be displayed at the meeting. This contest is a part of the new undergraduate awards program begun this year.

Winners of the Student Newspaper contest, another phase of the awards program for the undergraduate field, also will be announced at the convention. Entries were made by the student newspapers located at colleges and universities where chapters of Sigma Delta Chi exist. There are four divisions: editorial writing, feature writing, sports, and straight news. Entries are being judged by W. S. Gilmore, editor, the *Detroit News*; Ralph Coghlan, editor of the editorial page, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*; H. Allen Smith, feature writer for the *New York World-Telegram*; and Francis Powers, Chicago, sports writer for *Associated Press*.

The Drake University chapter of the fraternity is to be the official host to the convention, with the Des Moines Professional, U. of Iowa, Grinnell, and Iowa State chapters assisting.

TOM MILLER (Indiana '40) has joined the United Press staff in Chicago, and LEO MELZER (Indiana '40) is a reporter for the City News Bureau, Chicago.



### Protect Your Fraternity Name

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## The Job Ahead!

**W**ITH the Americas facing a future that probably will be filled with difficulties not heretofore present, the press of the United States has a difficult and important job on its hands. To date, it has been doing that job remarkably well.

The horrors inflicted by the Nazi hordes and the possibility that England and France face defeat have hit American readers with tremendous force in recent weeks. There seemed a danger, at one point, that the people of the nation were losing their sense of balance, that they were being swept by an hysterical wave of futility and defeatism.

America, to put it bluntly, was scared. It had a bad case of the Nazi jitters. It was the case of the Martian invasion all over again, but this time on a national scale and with the realization that there was terrible reality in what was happening in Europe; that it might, at some time in the future, happen here.

Then came the President's broadcast—which did much to calm the jitters. Yes, he said, conditions were and would be serious. But there was no need to start looking to the skies yet for the Nazi parachutists. America has tremendous resources. These would be put into high gear to achieve the strength, the might, that even the Nazis must respect and understand.

The press, in turn, carried the President's words to those who did not hear them on the air. It carried, too, the calm counsel of other national leaders which helped clarify the situation—to define the task immediately ahead. The jitters have been replaced with a dogged determination on the part of the people to "be prepared," come what may.

**S**O far, so good. But it isn't going to be easy to go smoothly ahead with plans for the future well being of the Americas.

If the experience of other countries subjected to Nazi attention count for anything, the United States can expect that every effort will be made to stir up strife within its borders—that attempts will be made to arouse labor unrest, that the fires of racial prejudice will be fanned, that efforts will be made to create indecision, uncertainty and suspicion.

Expressions that democracy is out-of-date; that it cannot stand against totalitarianism—the decisive, instantaneous moves of a dictator—will be whispered, argued publicly and even appear in the Public Letterboxes of the press. There may be sabotage—certainly attempts to slow or hinder the arming of America and the sending of assistance to the Allies are entirely in the realm of possibility.

No chance will be lost to stir up trouble between the United States and the other Pan-American nations. Rather, every effort will be made to arouse suspicion, distrust and fear in the smaller American countries against the "Colossus of the North."

America may face no immediate or even future actual invasion by Nazi armed forces—but it most certainly can expect a further invasion of Nazi propaganda, economic and diplomatic thrusts, in the Western Hemisphere.

**R**EALIZING these probabilities, the task of the press seems apparent. Every effort must be made to keep the nation thinking of the principal job ahead—the building of America's defenses to a point never before achieved.

Every effort must be made to preserve a unity of purpose; to avoid or quickly adjust any differences between labor and industry; to stamp out the fires of racial prejudice; to promote good will, understanding and concerted action on the part of the Pan-American nations.

This doesn't mean there shall be no honest criticism of mistakes that may be made during the trying days ahead. It doesn't mean that there should be no discussion of problems, no differ-

# AS WE VIEW IT

ences of opinion, while a plan or program is being formulated or carried out.

It does mean that whenever or wherever a problem or point of dispute arises this one question must be paramount:

**WHAT IS BEST FOR THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAS?**

Before that all-important question all political maneuvering, all personal likes or dislikes, all selfish motives, must give way.

United, as a people made up of freedom-loving descendants of all countries of the world, we can stand against a sorely troubled future. Divided, by infiltrations of propaganda, hate and suspicion, we too may fall.

## 50 Years of Service

**N**EARLY 100 newspapermen, public officials and educators assembled in Chicago a few days ago to pay tribute to a man who probably has exerted more influence over the culture and reading habits of rural America than any other man alive.

That man was, and is, Wright A. Patterson, who has just completed his fiftieth year as editor of *Western Newspaper Union*, the largest and oldest newspaper syndicate in the world.

No man has worked harder to establish the rural press of America on a substantial, significant basis. We salute his endeavors and accomplishments.

## No Coasting!

**T**HERE are many worthwhile things in H. C. L. Jackson's article on columnning which appears in this issue of *THE QUILL*—but we'd like to call particular attention to this phrase:

"Columns cannot coast!"

Right—and neither can any newspaper, be it a country weekly or a metropolitan daily. Nor can any magazine—be it a house organ, a trade journal or one of the major magazines.

New methods of presentation, new and more attractive type dress and makeup, a better use of pictures, new editorial treatment—all these must help keep the press on its toes.

Columns cannot coast and hope to keep their readers—nor can journalism itself coast along in the ways of the past.

## Not Perfect but a Select 36!

**T**O the editors and publishers of America, we would commend and urge consideration for the 36 young men selected as the outstanding male graduates in journalism for 1940.

The selection, made at the various school at the request of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, were on the basis of scholastic averages for all college work, qualities and abilities essential to success in the field, good character and competence to perform journalism tasks gained through experience both on and off the campus.

Surely the various fields of journalism can find places for these men—the cream of the college crop. Or will they be forced to take their talents to other fields?

These 36, it should be pointed out, are not the only well equipped graduates leaving school this year. There are scores of others who are willing and anxious to make a start on journalistic careers. And, be assured, they don't all expect to start out as foreign correspondents, columnists, editorial writers or dramatic critics.

Give them a chance!

## AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

**T**HEN there's the experience of L. L. Stevenson, who writes the chatty New York column "The Seven Million." Some years ago, Steve wrote a couple of paragraphs for his column about a New Jersey veteran of the Civil War.

The piece so pleased the old chap that he told his daughter he'd "die happy" if he could get Stevenson to write his obituary. He kept after his daughter until she finally called the columnist and told him of the request. Steve went over one night, talked at length with the veteran and then went back to his office and pounded out the obit.

He sent the old gentleman a copy for corrections. Instead of returning it, the veteran was so pleased that he kept it, read it over and over to himself and friends and announced firmly that he wanted the minister to read it, instead of preaching a sermon, at his funeral.

**T**URNING from such deadly subjects as obits, let's get to headlines. And, by the way, the summer slump seems to have hit you lads out there in the hither and yon of the realms of journalism. Why not get out the old shears and snip a few choice items for the fancy head-work department?

We'll start the current selections with one which came from J. Roy Peterson, of the publications office of the University of Hawaii. It appeared in the Honolulu *Advertiser* over a story about one Josephine Velez.

It seems Josie and her boy friend and a mutual girl friend were doing a little beer drinking. The lad became angry at something or other and heaved his beer glass at Miss Velez. It cut her face. It seems that, much incensed at the treatment she had received, Miss Velez went to her boy friend's home, got possession of his Sunday-go-to-meeting pants and burned 'em. She was haled into court

and sentenced to 30 days by a police court magistrate for "malicious injury."

When the case was appealed to the Circuit Court the court held the sentence had been excessive. He set aside the original sentence and placed Miss Velez on probation for 13 months.

The *Advertiser's* story of the case, from which we have quoted, was headed:

### No Cooler to Cool Her Yearning for Burning

Edwin Hauk, of Milwaukee, sends this one from the Milwaukee *Journal*, where it appeared over a little story telling how a farmer called the leader of his flock of geese "Mahatma Gander":

### Take a Gander at Gander Named Mahatma Gander

From Harris Powers, of the Ocala (Ga.) *Morning Banner*, come a couple of war heads which appeared in that paper:

### Hellzapoppin Over Norway and

### It's Tulip Time in Holland—Bombs Bloom

The mail brought three heads from Morton D. Handler, of Brooklyn, clipped from the Long Island *Star-Journal*, on which he works:

### Murder Inc. 'Witness' Found Dead—Drunk

This one was over the story of a cop who caught a runaway horse, also a kick in the leg:

### Mounted Policeman Gets a Kick Out of His Work and Takes Day Off

This caption was over a picture showing the confessed hubby of three wives as he bade them farewell at the jailhouse:

### Farewell, My Loved One—Two-Three

That'll be all this month, gentlemen, and we hope to be back in a month to flash some more swell heads on you.

## Concerning Columning

[Concluded from page 12]

and it probably is fun for them—but we who are on the outside don't know what it's all about. Don't degenerate into a kidding match."

The man died five years ago. His words are still with me.

Then there's a theory formed a long time ago—I call it the Silver Bullet theory. Briefly, it is: If you and John Spinck were fearfully hungry. If you had a rifle, with only one bullet. If John had a shotgun, 12-gauge. If, a short distance in front of you, sat a rabbit. And you were told you could shoot only one shot at that rabbit—one from the rifle, or one shell from the shotgun—which would you fire?

Common sense and an empty stomach probably would dictate the use of the

shotgun—more chance of bagging the rabbit. And in precisely the same way, it does seem as if a column containing six different items stood more chance of bagging the reader than a column on one subject only.

**T**HIS, however, brings up another thought: Why do we pick up today's newspaper? To see what's different in the world from the way the world was yesterday? If so—it's rather logical that a column-writer should be like a southern belle with her beaux—keep 'em guessing. Or in other words—

How about being consistent only in your inconsistency? If you've had three consecutive days of 6-items-to-the-column, why not shoot, next day, the Silver

Bullet? If you've been ringing the changes on human nature, why not, next day, shoot them cold facts? If you have restricted yourself for two weeks entirely to local happenings and local people—it would seem the right moment to go international on 'em for a day, or maybe two.

If they've been interested one day, and look at the column next day, and it's something entirely different than they'd expected, the chances are that, even if that day's offering doesn't particularly appeal to them, they'll be looking, next day, to see where, this side of gehenna, you've landed.

And it is a comforting thing to think that folks are most lenient. They do not expect every item to click with them. They do not expect every day's grist to click with them. They will even write in saying:

"I don't suppose you'll be writing anything for several days that will really interest me, but I'll be reading you."

Yes, that is a comforting thought, when you have time to think. Usually a column-writer is far too busy thinking about tomorrow to think much about reactions or the succession of yesterdays.

What's in the paper, is in. What's next? That's the only philosophy. Yesterday's column may have been pretty fair. Forget it. How about tomorrow's? Let the dead bury the dead. A column must look ahead. Because, no matter how successful it may have been up to, and including yesterday—a column cannot coast.

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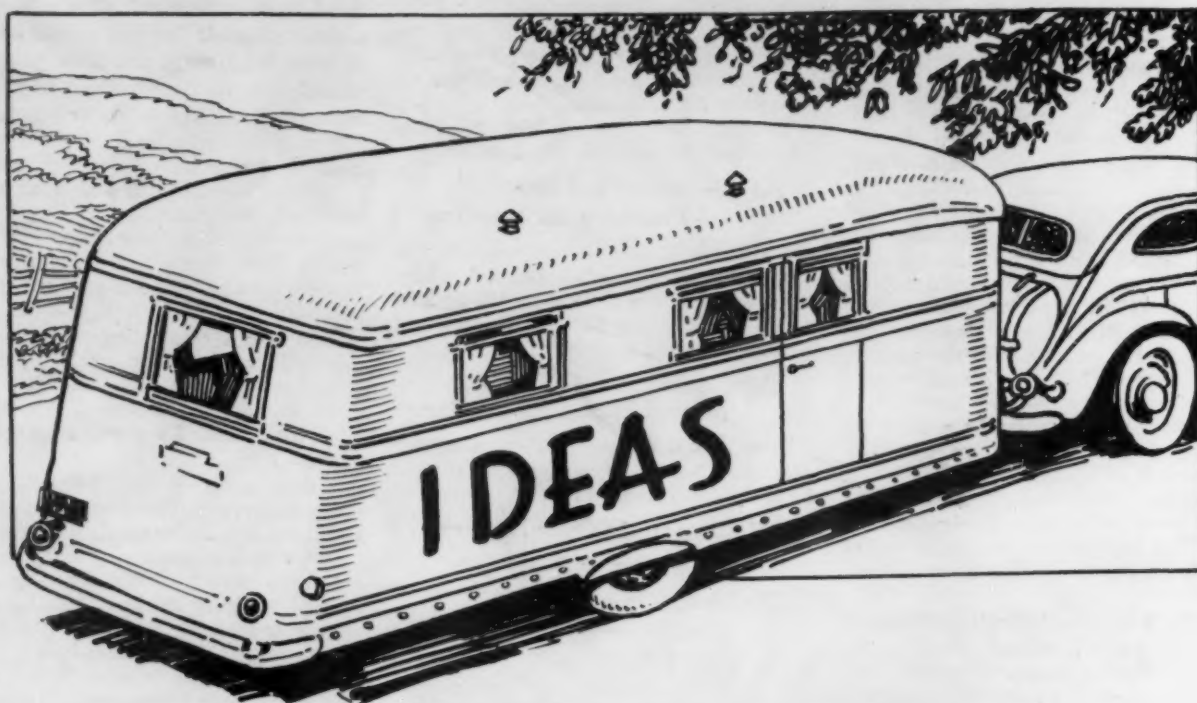
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**a good point to remember...**  
**EVEN *Thinking* needs a "TRAILER"**

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